



SPECIAL ANNUAL COLLECTION OF VERSES FOR  
"THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION"

Samhain 9985  
1 November 1985





**SING&PIEL** 28th Stanza  
APA-Filk #28 for

Mark L. Blackman  
1745 East 18th St. 4A  
Brooklyn, NY 11229

The tagline of the COVER was  
lost: **AUSSIECON** referred both  
to the WorldCon in Australia

**& THE MELODY LINGERS::Comments on APA-Filk #27 &**

and the Austin NASFiC - which I attended, rooming with Vinnie Bartilucci & Mike Rubin. I checked out a few of the filksings (Margaret Middleton unfortunately couldn't attend) but my voice and I were in no shape by then and I prefer partying. (The Trekfilkers, I noted, had their own room.) I passed around some copies of APA-Filk #27; we'll see.

**ANAKREON/John Boardman:** Bearing in mind what your son-in-law et al faced

Just when you thought it was safe to go into the Army (3X) while in the  
They went and Vi-etnamized Nicaragua (or El Salvador) (MB) Service:

// "The Pope in Dutch" was a Hugu Nominee for Traumatic Presentation. // There may be more satire than we realize in Kipling. "The Widow at Windsor" probably cost him a knighthood. // Looks more like there was horse in the ancestry of the British Royal Family. // Dune is now a hexology. // A letter to the Daily News suggested letting the 63rd St. Tunnel flood and running gondola (he means vaporetto, water bus) service. "The Bonnie Ship the A- (actually wrong line) Train" indeed. (Unfortunately the slope is wrong.) // If indeed that's true about women and whistling, that adds a whole new complexion to the Bogart/Bacall "You know how to whistle" scene. Sherlock Holmes could whistle. // True, there are 20-year-olds who are yuppies but many baby-boomers/hippies/protestors have joined the mainstream as self-involved, highly visible consumers, yuppies. Look at '60s nostalgia commercials. Or the characters of the tv show Hometown who reminisce about how foolish they were when they were anti-Establishment; the men are now into investments, the women into aerobics. // Potch is not kick but slap or smack - in this case, spank. I think Fred Phillips knows that song. // Billy Tea was doubtless better than Billy Beer. (Gail, is it still around?) Other filks have been filked: Harold Groot has filked Jordin Kare's stuff. Abby has filked "Gafiate" ("Retrofit"), a filk of "Shaving Cream". "That Old Real-Time Religion" (not to be confused with "That Old-Time Computing") filks "That Real Old-Time Religion". // It turns out that, because of soil retention, Maine spring water is more radioactive than NYC water, even with the plutonium level up. // APA-Filk seems to have a lot of subscribers.

**JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow:** I would've liked to have taped Washington on the Griddle. Other good songs were "Only a Bush in a Gilded Cage", about the VP putting his "manhood in trust" (or was that "Gilded"?), and "America the Beautiful" whose lyrics were the names of US corporations: "American Cyanamid... and Standard Brands and HoJo stands from sea to shining sea." Right, let's not forget Bill Moyers' past as LBJ's apologist.

**NUKE THE KAZOO/Mike Rubin:** How do you not typo your net ID? // Liked "Contractors' Waltz". On the Griddle show above they danced around with \$600 toilet seat covers ("Five and Ten-Cent Store").

**FILKERS DO IT TO Harold Groot:** This seems to be a year for vampires (Vampire Junction, FRIGHT NIGHT).

**MOMUS' PHIZ/Greg Baker:** Finding the Speakeasy schedule a pain to re-fold - and outdated - it was declared non-germane to filk (HHO $\frac{1}{2}$ K) and omitted. (Isn't irony grand?)

In the issue before last, John asked for the words to Joe Bob's "We Are the Weird"; I only have an excerpt but you can see why his column was dropped: "There are Negroes dying, and it's time to make 'em eat... We are the weird, We are the starvin', We are the scum of the filthy earth..."

Speaking of weird, at a Senate hearing on a plan to label rock albums with "raunchy" lyrics, (similarly to movie ratings), Frank Zappa suggested instead printing lyrics on album covers so parents could judge - right, and so kids could read them in the stores. Where should one play records with "sexually explicit" lyrics? Why, on a pornograph, of course.

**WARNING:** APA-Filk contains offensive (to somebody or other) lyrics.

mb 10/3/85





# ANAKREON

#28, APA-Filk Mailing #28

1 November 1985 (Samhain 9985)

## THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION

(seventh supplement)

The chorus is sung after every verse.

535. Azathoth is in his Chaos  
And that really should dismay us,  
But, if he were HERE, he'd slay us,  
So that's good enough for me! (CFF)

CHORUS: Give me that old-time religion,  
Give me that old-time religion,  
Give me that old-time religion.  
It's good enough for me!

536. Now, Diana hates a Braggart.  
But in the hunt, best not be laggart:  
Displease her and you'll be STAGgered,  
And that's much to DEER for me! (RM)

537. Now some gods will command it,  
But Medusa won't demand it.  
She takes worshippers for granite,  
And that's gneiss enough for me! (RM)

538. We will have a merry visit  
Down with Zandru though the chill it  
Cuts with pain that is exquisite,  
Still, it's cold enough for me. (RkW)

539. Kung Fu-tze showed us our places,  
Our allotted social spaces,  
So we're never off our bases,  
And that's good enough for me.

540. From two hunks of ancient timber  
Odhin hewed out Ask and Emble,  
That's the couple we resemble,  
And they're good enough for me!

541. Soon the world will have a Wind-Time.  
Soon the world will have a Wolf-Time.  
And an Ax-Time and a Sword-Time,  
And that don't sound good to me!

542. It is kind of hard to swallow:  
We will all go to Valhalla  
And the Gods to death we'll follow -  
Bad news, gang, but that's the breaks!

543. Whether you're a casual toker  
Or a devotee of coca,  
If it calls Tezcatlipoca  
It's good enough for me.

544. We will never worship Ares,  
Though his chest's a mat o' hair, he's  
Down on Vogs and Pinks and Fairies  
And that isn't cool, by me!

545. If a damsel wears a sari  
Krishna's arts will make her merry  
Some folks say that he's too hairy  
But he's good enough for me!

546. We got gods ad infinitum.  
Now here comes another datum:  
When we need more, we create 'em,  
And they're good enough for me. (FK)

547. We can get along with Quakers  
'Cause they're less repressed than Shakers,  
And as mystics they're no fakers,  
So they're good enough for me. (ESR)

548. When you're dealing with Cerwyddin  
With her cauldron she's not kidding,  
So you'd best do as you are bidden.  
For it's hot enough for thee. (MR)

549. We will sing a verse for Aidan  
Though his reputation's faidan,  
And his reasoning's fault-laden,  
He's still good enough for me. (T)

550. We will hold a pagan forum  
With all dignified decorum  
If we get a fuckin' quorum,  
Then it's good enough for me. (Day)

551. Well we always spray to Squat  
When we need a parking spot,  
And we think she's really hot,  
So she's good enough for me.



552. Well they've got it o'er in England  
And in European Regions  
But the U. S. comes in season  
And it's good enough for me!

553. How about that goddess Eris  
And her apple for the fairest?  
In the springtime, she loved Paris;  
And she's good enough for me. (BBy)

554. For turn signals, Kalahaba;  
He will turn your face to lava  
If you switch lanes but don't bothah  
But h's good enough for me. (BBy)

555. When I need a parking spot,  
Instead of driving till I rot,  
I just invoke the Great God Squat,  
Who's always good enough for me. (PA1)

556. Squat's averse to U. S. funds -  
Requires payment in fresh nuns -  
So when his bill collector duns,  
I say, "Your nuns are in the mail." (PA1)

557. You will surely meet your ruin  
If you send him Sister Boom-Boom,  
But if you know what you're doin',  
That's good enough for me. (PA1)

558. I'm awaiting the Great Pumpkin,  
Though I'm not some country bumpkin,  
Linus says he's really somethin',  
And that's good enough for me. (PT)

559. Oh, I worship Murphy madly,  
And I quote his Law quite gladly,  
So I hope, when things go badly,  
You'll blame Him instead of me. (PT)

This is the leanest crop yet of verses to this fine old Neo-Pagan filksong, and it includes things that were sent in quite some time ago and got accidentally omitted from previous collections. I hope that I have by now printed everything that has been sent in, and ask readers to send again anything I may have overlooked.

Contributors are:

BBy - Bernardette Bosky  
CFF - Clif Flynt  
Day - Daystar  
ESR - Sunspark  
FK - Fred Kuhn  
MR? - ?  
PA1 - Peter Allen

PT - Peter Thiesen  
RW - Rick Weiss  
RM - Randall McDougall  
T - Tiller

This is

O At  
P Great  
E Intervals  
R This  
A Appears  
T To  
I Inflame  
O Optic  
N Nerves

540-552: FK sent these, contributed by participants in a Neo-Pagan revel. One comment among the verses says that "Give Me That Old-Time Nutrition" can be obtained from Lori Wyatt. No one seems to know Wyatt's address, but if anyone knows details they are asked to send them to P. O. Box 176, Blue Mounds, Wisc. 53517. Verses 540-542 & 544-545 were signed with a rubric shaped like a bow-tie whose owner I cannot identify. For 540-542 see the Elder Edda. #1328

551, 554, 555: New gods for new conditions; these are of use to drivers. PT writes "Squat is the God of Parking Spaces. The next time you are unable to find a parking place, say 'Oh, Great Squat, find me a spot. If you do, I will give you three nuns.'" (Squat is said to prefer bisexual Filipino nuns.) After you have successfully parked, say, 'Thank you, Squat. Your nuns are in the mail.' ...Sister Boom-Boom is a flamboyant San Francisco transvestite who habitually wears nun's attire."

ANAKREON is a quarterly journal of filksinging, published by John Boardman, 234 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, NY 11226. Every fourth issue, with new verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion", also circulates through Pagan-APA. ANAKREON's more usual home is APA-Filk, which is assembled here on the first days of February, May, August, and November. Its copy count is 50, that of Pagan-APA is 40. (For further information about Pagan-APA write to John P. McClimans, Box 9398, Berkeley, Calif. 94709.)

This is the 8th collection of these verses that has appeared in ANAKREON. I may have to reprint #6 soon, but back issues are available of #3, 10, 12, 16, 20 & 24. If you are missing any of these and want them, let me know. Send a self-addressed postcard, and I'll inform you what's available and how much postage will cost you.

And, of course, if you have composed or collected more verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion" please send them along. The next collection will appear in ANAKREON #32 on 1 November 1986, so get the verses to me by early October.



JERSEY FLATS #5, November 1985

Roberta Rogow, P.O. Box 124, Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410

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As of the last communication, I was bemoaning the loss of "Sunny" the bright yellow Malibu. "Sunny" is now back together again, with a almost-new engine, which cost far more than I want to think about, and I still haven't finished paying for the CAR yet! Sometimes I think we'd be better off with horses... at least they reproduce themselves and you get something back for the outlay...Of course, there are all those gas bills and you have to shovel out the stables...\*sigh\*

CONVENTION REPORTS: I spent a jolly July running from Shore Leave to Creation/NYC... then I went to August Party. AP is where I made my bow as a filker in 1976, when I wrote (or is the word perpetrated) "The Doleful Ballad", a/k/a/"Trekkety Trekkety Tin" and I've been at it ever since. So, naturally, I HAD to get there, one way or another. With "Sunny" still waiting its engine transplant, it was a complex maneuver, involving packing up "Chuck", the dinky Camaro, ferrying me and The Boxes to a friend's house, ferrying HER to yet another friend, and heading down the highway at a speed previously hit only by the USS Enterprise when chased by Klingons or Giant Amoebas. My friend (Adrienne) drives an ambulance in her off-hours, and you'd think we were on our way to a three-car/two-truck smash-up instead of a fairly peaceful Con!

Having survived the trip, I realized that I was in the most infectious stages of a Major Head Cold...the wheezing/sniffing/strangling kind, that makes Enrico Caruso sound like Feodor Chaliapin! It made ME sound like Johnny Cash at his worst. How I got through the "Performance Filk" I do not know...Howie Weinstein sang a lot of Harry Chapin stuff, with some Shel Silverstien for comic relief. T.B. Burnside was there (the other two are Shiela Willis and Linda Melnick); so was Rich Kolker. Greg Baker may have been there...by that time I was too fuzzy-headed to remember.\*

I spent most of August Party scrambling around for artists, so that I could complete REC-ROOM RHYMES #4 in time for World-Con (I didn't make it!)...I got it to More Eastly Con...and that's the next story!

Frustration is sitting on top of an artist, who is trying to draw a picture of the "Overaged Trekker's Lament" while the gal who drives the ambulance is pushing you out the hotel door! The wonder was that I got anything...but I did get some great illos, and I did get RRR #4 to the printer, along with BEYOND...#2...and the "reprint 'zine", ENTERPRISE REPRISE...that's three 'zines I've gotten out this summer, and four if you count GRIP #21, which I had to rush into print in June. So if you're wondering why I'm not writing filk...I'm just breathless, that's all!

Okay...having gotten RRR #4 off to press, and taken Louise to school, I was ready for More Eastly. The fans were ready...there hasn't been a real Malibu-oriented Con run by fans since John Townsley gave it up back in 1982...and he doesn't even count. The Con-Committee was ready. Everything was ready but the hotel! They were still working on the dealer's room when I marched in to set up on Friday, August 30!

You could say that the room had a top, a bottom and sides. It did NOT have a ceiling...there were huge holes where the air conditioning vents were going to be, and there were bare work-bulbs strung all over the place. It did not have a floor, just matting over concrete. It did not have walls, just plasterboard, with huge nails sticking out to snag the costumes of the unwary. Someone said it looked like a bomb shelter...

Then came the Hurricane...not as big as Gloria, just a teeny little one. Enough to stall all traffic around LaGuardia Airport where More Eastly Con was taking place, and cause accidents that kept people from achieving their goal until 4 AM....But never

\*- Sharon was there - She sat my table while I chased the artists.



underestimate the determination of a dedicated Trekker; about 250 managed to slog in one way and another.

There were three filks; two semiformal, one more formal...for me, the highlight was TJ & co singing some of their stuff, especially "Feline American Princess"...and "Jail-bait" Segal's rendition of "You're a Bloody Rotten Audience", which neatly skewers the pretensions of a lot of folk.. and Filk...singers I could think of! Greg Baker got in and did a few of his songs...

And yes, I did write one for the Con, but I'll leave it for the end, since there's a long, involved discussion that goes with it....

For me, sitting at the Head Table in the Dealers' Room, there were two major Events of More Eastly: "The Invasion of the Mah-Johnngg ladies" and "Mad Max, the Australian".

The Mah Johnngg ladies belonged to the local swim club that uses the pool at the La Guardia Sheraton. Most of the time they sat out in the sun, baking and playing Mah Jonngg...until one of them, who turned out to be Byron Preiss's mother-in-law, noticed her son-in-law's book being sold, and HAD to see what was going on....and then she ~~dis~~covered the jewelry dealers, and called in all her 'girl friends'. What does the contentious Dealer's Room Chair do? Throw these respectable...and RICH dames out? They don't have badges! BUT they were about to line the pockets of some dealers who had been complaining loudly about how little they were making....In the end, the Mah Jonngg ladies returned to the pool, decked out in every bauble and bangle they could find, and the jewelry people were in shock...

Until "Mad MAX" arrived the next day (Sunday). That's not his handle, of course; he's the owner of a "Cinema" in Sydney, Australia, and he seems to have a lock on all Trek-activity there. He runs a SF-Marathon once a month, with Trek episodes, and all the Trek movies, and he swept through the Dealer's Room like the proverbial Dose of Salts, carrying off EVERYTHING he could find...like a kid in a candy store: "I'll take ten of those, and ten of those..." So long as it had Trek in it, he bought it! Then he went through the "oldies but goodies" piles, and bought them out, too! It's the first time I've ever been paid in 100-dollar travellers' checks! Somewhere there are a bunch of very happy Trekkies in Australia, singing away to REARROOM RHYMES.

By the end of the Con, I was out of stock...but a lot richer than I had been before "Mad Max" went through! So...I was able to pay off "Sunny", and the printer, and a lot of other people....and that's how I spent my Summer Vacation.

#### OUTRAGEOUS OPINIONS:

One of the continual arguments that crops up is the 'source material' for filk songs. I tend to be fairly eclectic, which means I'll use anything from an Ecuadorian Indian Chant to something off the "Top-Ten" list...PROVIDED it can be sung and played on a guitar, without amps or other jazz going on behind. I got a tape of someone singing "The Watchers" (the song about Khan), which I do to the Spanish Civil War song, "Si Mi Quieres Escribir..." And without that flamenco background, it sounds pretty dreary.

So it is with most rock songs...unless it's Phil Collins, who knows how to write a SONG! Or Country-Western, which takes its cue from the old ballads of the Ozarks and Appalachians. One of the things I did at More Eastly was sit on a panel with Jean Stevenson about filk songs, and we made this point several times...then my mother, Shirley, confessed that she didn't like the 'original' filk as much as she did the ones to borrowed tunes... if only because the borrowed ones had an extra 'punch', due to the overtones of the song that was borrowed. HMMMM! Any comment on this one?

This brings me to the reasons why I used a Jimmy Webb song called "The Highwayman" for a filk...it was originally recorded by Glen Campbell, and a worse miscasting I have never heard. He mooed it! And then, along came Willie Nelson, and his buddies, and gave that song a whole new life....and it was all over the airwaves. And I got it into



my head where it would NOT go away! I mean...a song about re-incarnation was just ASKING to be made into a filk! The only question was... how?

Sooooooooo.....When I couldn't sleep, after the hassles of Friday night, and the storm and the rest of it....I scribbled down this:

"The Ship"...to the Tune of "The Highwayman"

I was a frigate...  
When wooden ships held iron men,  
I sailed the oceans 'way back then;  
I carried battle to the seas of the foe,  
My sixteen-pounders shattered hulls and laid masts low.  
And when the time came, I went out with the tide...  
But I have never died....I have never died.

I was a carrier...  
When sudden death rained from the skies,  
I was the greatest of my size;  
My planes were lauched to fight a planet's fiercest war,  
And when the peace was won, I fought for that once more.  
Then I was beached, and told to rest my guns again,  
But I will still remain...I will still remain.

I was a shuttle...  
The very first of all my line,  
All the acclaim and blame were mine,  
Although I never flew a mission into Space,  
I was the prototype that put things into place.  
The next step opened up the Heavens to our will...  
And I am living still....I am living still.

I was a starship...  
Across the Galaxy I flew,  
With Captain Kirk and all the crew;  
Seeking a place where man had never been before,  
Making a home upon an unknown, alien shore;  
Then I was sacrificed and took that final dive,  
But I will still survive...I will still survive.

I am a vision...  
A wooden ship, and iron frome,  
A spacecraft and a guiding flame;  
I've lifited mankind from the confines of the land,  
I've given Hope and Courage place to make their stand,  
And when they call to mind the Faith that never dies....  
They'll call it ENTERPRISE.... they'll call it ENTERPRISE!

\* To be printed in  
WOMAN, WARRIOR, WIFE #2

ANSWERS TO OTHER PEOPLE:

To Michael Rubin: Official filk rooms are as good a place to start looking for other filkers as any...I've given up strolling around with the guitar, because it leads to hassles when you enter a room where people are singing FOLK, or "Ose"...

To Harold Groot: "I LOVE Vampire Baby Boogie... now I've got to get hold of Marty Gear (if you haven't already done so) and sing it to him! He's a sucker (ooooh!) for vampire songs.

(Still replying to Harold) About the "Regulator" at a filk...not a bad idea. Kathy Sands tends to do it at things like BaltiCon, because she ~~owns the~~ recording equipment. Performance Filk seems to work on the East Coast where there are a lot of top-notch performers, as opposed to the people who sit and SING from the BOOK. Problem there is...when do you sing something new? I am prejudiced, of course...being more of a performer, I like to have a half-hour to do my thing...then I can listen to someone else.

To Greg Baker: Translation, please? I flunked French in College.

SHAMELESS PLUG: REC-ROOM RHYMES #4 is now available, with a lot of stuff that I ran in "Jersey Flats", and a lot of other stuff as well....and all those great illos....and "Sands of Mars", by C.J. Cherryh. Maybe some find her singing a bore...I don't. I'm incredibly flattered to find out that the Thieves' World people are not only singing my filk (I called it "Rogue's Gallery") but they've made up some verses for the characters I missed!

COMING EVENTS: I'll be at the B.A.S.H. in November, and at whatever New York City Creation Cons come along, and I intend to get to PhilCon again this year...that's one I do 'for me'...I don't have a table, and this year, I don't even have Louise or Shirley to worry about. That's as close to a complete vacation as I'm gonna get these days.

I'm planning to get to the World-Con next year...Atlanta is more within my reach than either Australia or Austin. It's not too soon to put in bids for space in next year's Rec-Room Rhymes!

As for upcoming filks...I guess that's up to my Muse...

KEEP ON TREKKIN' -- FORCEFULLY!"

*Roberta*



# Momus' Phiz



No.  $\pi^e$

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## A NOTE OF INTRODUCTION

After living in New York City for six years and having a lot of interesting experiences occur here (getting married, getting an Army commission, getting a decent job for once), my wife and I are leaving for Washington, D.C., where I was born. A combination of high rents and the loss of Sharron's job are giving us a golden opportunity to slip out of town without severing too many links.

The band to which I belonged, A Parcel of Rogues, broke up during the summer. Its immediate cause of breakup is embarrassing to me so I won't tell you; however, Fred and Lisa and I were beginning to express different preferences in playing music. I enjoy folk music, good old country music by Jimmy Rogers and Hank Williams (not this new garbage that gets put on the air), and some of the tunes from Broadway and middle-of-the-road artists. Fred and Lisa prefer the newer stuff, especially Genesis and Renaissance. We took a month's hiatus in August to think things over, and it was then that the chance to get out of New York came. Please note that I am looking for people to play with in D.C.

I also would be interested in knowing what are the good folk clubs and the open mike nights in the National Capital Area. There are already a few bands down there which I enjoy, such as Celtic Thunder and Clam Chowder; surely they got their start somewhere...

The song, "And the Band Played 'Waltzing Matilda'" is by a composer name Eric Bogle. I don't know much about him. I do know that he wrote another song about the First World War, "No Man's Land", which is another Clam Chowder favorite. As John probably expressed, "The Band Played 'Waltzing Matilda'" is about the Australian/New Zealand/British attack on the Gallipoli Peninsula in 1915, when Winston Churchill, 1st Sea Lord, was trying to find a way around the deadlock on the Western Front. Early that year, the British and French had tried to force the Straits around Gallipoli and had nearly overrun the Turkish forts when a French battleship hit a mine drifting thru the mine sweep. Later, the landing was made to make the same attempt. The Australians were halted after landing by their British commander, who as usual took a nap at 4 p.m. They never forced the hills, and a Turkish general who later became Kemal Atatürk took the high ground and shelled the ANZAC beach into bloody sand.

*Delendra Est Carthagio,*

*Greg*





## Old King Cole - new words by Gregory Baker

This song, of course, is based on the Army cadence count of the same title. Versions of this have been recorded by Oscar Brand and by Harry Belafonte, whose Anglicized version tickled my wife ("March, you kumquats!") Of course, I don't intend for anyone to march to this. It's a singing game.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he,  
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called  
for his \_\_\_\_\_ three.

(Repeat everything from the last line backwards to the first line, depending on how many verses have been sung)

1. Trekkies . . . "Spock! Spock! Spock!" cried the Trekkies,
2. Who fen . . . "We like the chap with the scarf!" cried the Who fen
3. True fen . . . "We do all the SMOF," said the trufen,
4. Dealers . . . "Comics, button, 'zines!" said the dealers,
5. Tolkein fen . . . Five gold rings... (yeah, from The Twelve Days of Christmas)
6. SCAdians . . . "Gunpowder should be banned," said the SCAdians,
7. Artists . . . "Bid! Bid! Bid!" said the artists,
8. Panelists . . . "No one's showing up for the panel!"
9. Filkers . . . "What are the words to this song?" asked the filkers,
10. Chairman , , , "Never another con!" said the chairman,

Merry fen are we,

You may search everywhere but none can compare to the fen whom  
we now see!

Except for the last time around,

"BEER! BEER! BEER!" said the Chairman...  
"BHEER! BHEER! BHEER!" said the filkers...  
"BHEER! BHEER! BHEER! for the Panel!"...  
"BHEER! BHEER! BHEER!" said the artists...  
"Cerevisia!" cried the SCAdians...  
Five gold rings ...  
"BHEER! BHEER! BHEER!" said the dealers ...  
"BHEER! BHEER! BHEER!" said the truefen ...  
"BHEER! WARM BHEER!" said the Who fen ...  
"BHEER! BHEER! BHEER!" said the Trekkies,

Merry fen are we,  
With a drink and a filk with others of our ilk for as (far/long)  
as we can see!





Momus' Phiz, November 1985

## The Greenpeace Sailors by Gregory Baker

(To the tune of "The Greenland Whale Fisheries")

Paul Kaplan, a folk singer in the New York area, has re-written this tune, originally about hunting whales off Greenland in the 1840s, and placed it in the viewpoint of the hunted whale ("Call Me The Whale"). However, I decided to re-write the song yet once more, since the encounters between the Greenpeace anti-nuke activists and the French Navy have been the most exciting naval action since Jutland. In October, France announced another series of tests in Muraura Atoll, in the French Polynesian islands. The Greenpeace sailed into the area in lieu of the Rainbow Warrior and this, more or less, is the saga...

It was nineteen hundred and eighty-five

On a fine September day,

That our tiny ship its anchor weighed

And for Greenpeace sailed away, brave boys,

For Greenpeace sailed away.

The B.B.C. sent a man aboard

With a mini-camera on his shoulder,

The last time we tried this, the flagship was blown up,

This time the Frenchmen might be bolder, boys,

This time the Frenchmen might be bolder.

We set our course for the French atolls

When a frigate formed up on a tack

Then it moved from aside and it cut across our bows,

While its loudspeakers ordered us, "Turn back, you fools,"

Its loudspeakers ordered us "Turn back!"

When we'd sailed in twice and were turned back twice,

The water-maker had a short,

We couldn't drink salt and we could not make repairs,

So we asked to make Tahiti port, brave boys,

We asked to make Tahiti port.

Said the French, "Though water might be your need

We'd be fools to give you half a chance.

This is not an emergency - sail back to your **home**

You may not call in any port of France," brave boys,

You may not call in any port of France."

Oh Muraowa is a pretty land

With is coconuts and coral atoll,

But if France keeps testing its H-bombs in the bay

Soon there'll be no island at all, brave boys,

There'll be no island at all!





TAKING NOTES

Issue #2

from

Rick's Café Americain  
2087 N. Hietter Ave,  
Simi Valley, CA 93063

brought to you by Rick Weiss and Mistie Joyce  
Official Double Agents for the 1987 Oakland  
Westercon ConCom.

Hi there, good filkers! ~~XXXXX~~ This is Mistie, I'll do the first part, Rick will follow. It's been a long, hot summer, no end in sight. I keep starting filks, wonderful little things, and running out of wordage about a verse-and-a-half in... We went and saw 'The Dream is Alive'. That's the one where they took IMAX (Image MAXimum, screen is 50' x 70') cameras up in the shuttle and did a lot of filming. And some spectacular shots of take-off and landing, too. Beautiful!!!! If there's any way at all to get to an IMAX theater and see this, it's more than worth it. There's really no way to describe it without sounding all trite and hokey and utterly corny, but it's really all true.

Aside from that, the best thing going this summer was Westercon. Not that the con was so terribly great, but it's been a dull summer. We started out by piling four people and a roof-top carrier into and onto a Toyota Tercel, and leaving the smoke, ash, and generally gritty conditions of a nearby fire to drive all night without air-conditioning, and most of the morning. Now, the hotel looks like a cross between a deformed starfish, and a monster spider plant. Largish lobby/reception/coffee shop area with a ballroom off a corridor to one side, function space under the ballroom and more down a stair behind the front desk. One sleeping wing is down the same hall as the ballroom, but turn the other way at the end. ~~XXX~~ At the other end of the lobby is a short corridor, turn right at the end and it's another sleeping wing, turn left and it's a loooong hallway. A third sleeping wing juts off halfway down this hall, and the last three are rayed out from the further end. There are function rooms in at least three of the sleeping wings.

Anyway, we figured that filking would be in the lobby function area, so we got a room in the wing by the ballroom. The program book then informed us that filking would actually be in one of the wings rayed out from the far end of that loooong hall on the end of the short corridor on the other side of the ballroom corridor. We changed rooms. We wound up directly above the three rooms containing the filking, the L.A. bid party, and the Oakland bid party. Very convenient.

The con was generally disorganized, with no operations or security in evidence (and the lack showing), and little direction or cohesion. The restaurant across the street was excellent. The masquerade, having been taken over by two of our own (Janet Wilson and Gary X Anderson), was of much higher quality, if shorter, than usual. The filking was kind of lack-luster. Concert was very good, if a bit too long. Peter Thiesen had three other people patching into his microphones - it did cut down on the usual little forest in front of the stage. Leslie, other than concert, put in only token appearances in the filkroom 'till Saturday night. Kathy Mar was down in L.A. With the bid parties both across the hall, it was pretty noisy. Mostly we had a lot of neos, tho I got to meet some of the people whose voices appear on my Off-Centaur tapes.



Things did eventually get better. Kathy Mar showed up on Saturday, said she had a choice between singing for a group of nudists and coming to the con, and at four-and-a-half months pregnant, she didn't really feel like parading around nude. We had planned to stay over Sunday night, figuring we'd get a good night's sleep and drive home Monday. Right. So much for nice, reasonable plans. Sunday night was the best filking of the entire con. We stuffed the room with us, Lori and Corey Cole, Duane Elms, Kathy Mar, Mary Ellen Wassels, Jordin Kare, Steve Savitsky, Patrick (Bay area person, last name unknown), Dean (father of Kathy's baby), and David Jainer (currently lives with us, plays keyboards, strange). A good time was had by all, tho nobody who stayed 'till dawn got enuf sleep. And something I should have mentioned earlier - Steve and Colleen Savitsky had a baby during the con. A daughter, on Saturday.

Then we got to drive home on Monday, completely unaware of the state of the California coast. Those of you paying more attention to the news that weekend than we were, may remember it as the week that the California coast burned down. We decided to go down the coast route, 101, because it's cooler than the inland route, 5. So we drove off to the coast, several hours worth of driving. And down the coast we go, seeming to drive right into a huge cloud of smoke from an obviously enormous fire. Down around San Jose we finally swung east of it. Just as we finished explaining to David that normally when we drive to San Jose, we go via the inland route (5), and use the 152 connection to get out and back from the coast, but this time we're going all the way down the coast -- there's this little sign that says "101 closed use 152" AT this point we turned on the radio and got some fire reports. It was a rude awakening to the real world.

#### Commentary . . . . .

Vinnie: I don't know about attending an East Coast Filkcon (unless it's during Easter '86, when we'll probably be out there anyway). But you can count on at least one supporting membership. //Leftover from last time - The tune you used for 'I Know the Plot' kept nagging thru my mind, and I couldn't figure out why I kept connecting it to Tim Curry. I knew it wasn't from RHPS... Finally dug up th album and solved the mystery.

Roberta: You're not the only one who liked 'Ladyhawke' I usually rip holes in movies - 'Trek III', and E.T.' for instance. But 'Ladyhawke' had something most movies these days don't - things like plot, consistency, good direction, production, acting, attention to details, . . . . .

Greg: Is the Bookworm's Ball anywhere near Callahan's Bar ?

Paul: Advice. Never say you'll be all caught up untill after the fact. Murphy is everywhere. // The stomach aches people were getting at Westercon may have been a result of the lavish use of watermelon as garnish. The stuff was recalled early during the con, and somebody told me not to eat it before the official word was out.

And just a few comments from Rick :

The Filk Concert at Westercon was good, with lots of filkers performing in pairs. The concert area was really strange - an outdoor patio. Bob Laurent (who did the official Con-Chord II



tapes) recorded the concert, and said he may try getting the permissions to publish a tape. Peter Theisen and I and Paul Willett also recorded the concert - Peter and I on audio and Paul on video. The highlight for me was the set by Frank Hayes and Jordin Kare. The day before, I had given Frank a draft of a filk about Jordin, titled "Searchin' for Nemesis", set to the tune of "Pushing the Speed of Light" by You-Know-Who. Frank made a few editorial changes and added a few verses of his own to a different tune - "Babyface" - and just blew Jordin's mind when he did it in the concert. Jordin swore to get even - at some future time.

Vinnie: I notice you seem to be a Dr. Demento fan. FYI I have about 18 hours of Dementia on tape from his live L.A. shows. And I think an East Coast Filkcon is a great idea.

Harold: ~~XXX~~ Missed you at Westercon ???

That's all for this round, so goodbye from the Café.





## Isoscan # 2

*Matthew Marcus*

Head Screech, Nunzio's House of Noise

### 1. Lots Of Comments

Let's get the yack-yack out of the way first. I'll start with the May issue, then the August issue, then on to something you needn't have read those issues to understand. Unfortunately, I managed to misplace my copy of the August issue, so I'll have to work from memory.

To Roberta Rogow (May): I agree with you about Ladyhawke. I liked it too, and foo on the critics!

To Harold Groot (May): 'The Age of Exploration' can be sung to 'Rambling Wreck From Georgia Tech', aka 'The Engineer's Song', except for the Columbus verse.

To Paul Rubin (Aug.):

Yes, I do my zines on a computer. Details: VAX 11/785, Unix<sup>TM</sup>, Berkeley 4.2 version, troff -ms, Imagen laser printer. I don't know if J. Kare has a net address. Since I work at Bell Labs in Murky Hill, I have easy access to the stuff described above, so I use it - at dead of night.

To Roberta Rogow (Aug.):

Of course, "Few Days" works as a 'leaving-the-filk' song. Guess where I got the idea for my 'leaving-the-conference' song.

Somebody mentioned that he'd heard of something like a filksing during a technical meeting. It has been my contention that most physics conferences are rather stuffy affairs which could benefit from the importation of certain SF-con customs. To this end, I have been wearing certain buttons to conferences. Filking would be easy to adapt, as there are already several science-oriented filks, such as "It's a Long Way From Amphioxus", "Oh, Dear, Where Can the Matter Be", and "Batteries". I've written a couple of specialized filks myself, so I know it can be done. Other con customs would be much harder to adapt. Consider costuming. Imagine the stuffed-shirts who control your purse-strings seeing you got up as Isaac Newton. I'd guess that filking, buttons, and partying are about the limit.

### 2. Religious Discussion

Talking about the Best Way to Filk is a bit like talking about religion. Nothing is really provable or even unambiguously defined, personal tastes and needs vary, assumptions are hidden, especially from the assumer, and discussions tend to degenerate into emotional harangues. Nevertheless, I'm going to venture out into this dangerous territory without even the precaution of putting out my helmet on a stick to test for snipers.

Just so that everyone knows what my biases are, I'll describe my filking habits. Any who know me can just turn off for this paragraph. I like to sing, but can't do a very good job of it, though I have improved some. I like funny songs, am not too fond of ose, and consider 10 verses to be about the maximum length for any reasonable song, though special cases exist. If the song is historical, it has to be very good indeed to keep my attention - the mere presence of a dragon or knight is not enough. I





can't read music, and am never likely to take the considerable time required to learn. I came to filking about 6 years ago, when Filthy and the NESFA Hymnal were the state of the art.

Now that that's out of the way, to business. It seems to me that there has been a great shift in filk style over the last 5 years, with the growing dominance of the West Coast Crowd (WCC, for short). Basically, this means Off Centaur and anybody who routinely records for them. Before the Great Shift, we in the East did our own filking, and songs tended to be funny, science-fictional (though there are many counterexamples), and set to very well-known tunes. Now, although there are many screamingly funny songs from the WCC, a large fraction of their output is Serious Stuff. Also, almost all of their stuff is to original tunes, which to a musical illiterate like me, means that you must buy tapes or tape at cons in order to learn new songs. The hymnals are useless until backed by a number of repetitions of each song at cons. There are still songs in Westerfalk II whose tunes I don't know, so they are essentially non-existent for me.

These changes are facets of a deeper philosophical change, which can be summed up as "Filking is a Performing Art". In the bygone days, filking was the People's Medium, in which anybody could participate in full. Now, more is demanded of the writer and performer than most can deliver. The good news is that the quality of filk has gone up. Instead of endless small variations on the same theme, all to the tune of 'Temperance Union Song' or '12 Days of Xmas', we have a smaller set of professional-caliber songs, musically correct and sweetly sung.

On the other hand, we find that only a small number of authors get any sort of distribution, and that even funny-filks are now expected to have original tunes. This makes for slimmer pickings, a smaller number of topics, and the growth of an 'in-group'.

Another result of the WCC's role in filking has been the shift of subject matter away from pure SF to fantasy. I agree that it was a good thing to have more than the token Tolkien song around ('All You Need is Orcs' was getting stale anyway), but in my humble opinion, things have gone a bit far. Of course, this shift parallels the prevailing trend in the book market, in which the typical new offering is a fantasy trilogy which expands to seven books later on, but that's another flame.

Of course, there was a certain level of cliquishness in East Coast filking too. In Filthy's or NESFA, you can see lots of songs relating to specific people, places, and even computer installations. However, one wonders how many of these things ever get sung. I consider their presence in these hymnals a sign of sloppy editing.

What about the filksing itself? The tension between Art and Fun shows up in the discussion about performance, Bardic, and random-group sings. At one extreme, we have the view that a filksing is an impromptu concert, and must be of the best possible quality. In this view, the audience is just that - the audience. There are a few known singers, and perhaps an organizer, and everybody else just listens.

The other extreme is that of the 'stray cats&dogs' sing, wherein it's expected that everybody will eventually get to sing, the level of the songs is somewhat lower, and there are group-singable songs for The Rest Of Us. This is the sort of sing at which 'Our Space Opera Goes Rolling Along' may be heard. The trouble with this sort of sing is that Sturgeon's Law applies, both to the songs and to the voices. The audience may be rowdier than in the performance sing, which may drive out some of the more artistic types, who can't coexist with the noisy rabble.

The average circle is somewhere in between these two extremes. Everybody does eventually get to pick, pass, or perform, as Margaret Purdy puts it. Depending on the starting mix, you get everything from beautiful duets to ose ballads to songs which have to be interrupted until laughter dies down to Old Favorites. This is the sort of sing to which you want to bring your nineteen pounds of hymnals - you may need anything from the stack. You also get to hear original stuff not on any tape







or hymnal.

What's wrong with this picture? It sounds like the circle is the best way. The trouble is that you might have to wait two hours or more for your turn. The song you've been sitting on for the last two hours may be the wrong mood, may have been sung before (unlikely), or may have been the perfect follow-up for something sung an hour ago. Also, if you want to record what's best in contemporary filking, you need to bring lots of tape and a strong bladder.

Some solutions have been proposed, many in APA-FILK. Some of these involve keeping the basic circle form, but giving some people the power to make exceptions. Those who think they have a case can hold up signs saying things like "ME-ME-ME" and "FOLLOW". The problem here involves the treatment of those whose flags are always up. It has been proposed that limits be set on the number of times per hour your flag can be up. It's not clear to me how the demighod (as the moderator has been called) is to keep track of the length of time a request has been pending, and the number of requests a given singer has made.

Another solution is that used by Asprin in a filksing one Lunacon. He came in as the sing was starting to dissolve, sat down, and said, in effect (paraphrased) "Alright, you bozos! I'll organize this sing. I'm a filk expert with credentials out the wazoo, and I know what's best, even if you don't. Follow my orders, and we'll have a good sing." If the organizer really does know filking and the probable productivity of each person in the room, and if the troops don't mind, this method could work pretty well. Otherwise.... I don't think I need to elaborate on the horrors which could ensue. You also get the development of filk-smofs.

Still another possibility is that of division. Most of the problems mentioned above with respect to circles come from largeness. If it only took 20 minutes to get around the circle, there'd be no problem with impatience, lack of access, and the screaming "ME-ME"s. Also, there is less of a barrier to having someone with an appropriate followup go out of turn, since this does not represent a huge loss of time. Further, many singers have weak voices which cannot fill a large room or would get strained trying. There is also a question of temperature and humidity control. Each human body puts out about 100 watts of heat, which must go somewhere. For filkers, the hot air production must surely be higher than that. Hotel airconditioners are not rated for the several kilowatts a large circle represents, so the room heats up. It is not unusual for room temperatures to exceed 85 °F, with humidity so high the windows fog. Such an environment is not comfortable for anyone, especially those with costumes. Combined with the lateness of the hour, and the usual con exhaustion, the large filk can become an ordeal, not a pleasure.

Is the small circle The Solution? Sorry, not quite. In a small circle, there is not as much diversity as in a large filk. Also, certain people who know each other will take the opportunity to BS and stop the sing in its tracks. The sing turns into a bull session, which is sometimes but not always more fun than the sing. Finally, you just can't fit everybody into a small sing and keep it small. The obvious fix to this problem is to have many small sings, all publically accessible, with an attendance limit. People could drift from sing to sing in search of what they want.

Unfortunately, there is often insufficient function space for a divided sing. Individual rooms could be used, but then their tenants must kick everybody out in order to get some sleep. Also, people who know each other could bunch together in one particular room, thus removing themselves and their talents from circulation. There is also the hazard of going through Old Favorites in Room 3A, then being told the next day by your friend: "Didn't you hear? <insert favorite filker> did a brand-new song in 3C. I would have taped it, but my battery went dead."

So what's the upshot? Well, there seems to be no True Solution to the Con-Filk Problem, but my best guess would be some combination of small and large circles. Perhaps formal concerts by the Big Name Filkers could be part of the con programming.







OK, I've said my piece. Flame when ready, Gridley! If I've offended anyone with my admittedly-oversimplified characterization of the WCC, I apologize. Still, I hope I've dragged out some of the hidden issues of filking.

Lest anyone get the wrong idea from the above, I'd like to state that I like much of what the WCC puts out, and own many of the Off-Centaur tapes, at 8 big ones a pop.

### **3. Enough Seriousness!**

Now for some filk. The first set of stuff is a collection of fragments in the East Coast tradition. The second I came up with while shopping in a mall. Malls cause strange things to happen, and filk production is one of the milder manifestations, so I consider myself lucky.





Fragments:

Verse for 'My Ghod How the Money Rolls In'

My cousin writes filk for the fannish;  
The tunes not one hymmnal are in.  
My family will sell you the records,  
My Ghod how the money rolls in.

Show Stopper

One in the, two in the, three in the morning  
Four in the, five in the, six in the morning  
Seven in the, eight in the, NINE in the morning!!?  
No wonder I feel half-dead!

Tune: Romulan View:

Goddess of Music, guide my voice,  
Here on the borders of its range,  
Singing beyond my known home songs,  
Give me a voice that will not sound strange.

YA Verse for 'Strangest Thing ...'

I wrote an optimizer for genetic code one day,  
But when I tried to run it, all the bugs came out to play.  
I tried to stop the process, but 'twas locked in core to stay,  
So now you know the reason there are platypi today.





Bits of Xmas Cheer

Tune: Do You See What I See?

Said the Valley Girl to the Valley Dude,  
"Did you buy what I bought?  
In the local mall, Valley dude,  
Did you buy what I bought?  
A gift, a gift, gaudy to the max,  
It is trimmed in silver and gold,  
It is trimmed in silver and gold."

Said the Jewish mom to her Jewish son,  
"Whatd'ya get for Mabel?  
She's coming up to see her favorite, son.  
I know this is short notice."  
A gift, A gift, my kingdom for a gift,  
Maybe rhinestones, silver or gold,  
Maybe rhinestones, silver or gold.

Said the high exec to the PR man,  
"Christmas time's upon us  
We must make folks think we're human, PR man  
I have got an idea.  
To charity, we'll donate money now,  
They will think we've hearts made of gold,  
They will think we've hearts made of gold."

Tune: It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

It came to us on Channel 2  
One Saturday morning this year,  
An ad with kiddies at happy play,  
Upon no face a tear.  
They shrieked and giggled at their delight,  
As with their new game they played.  
I hope you know these happy kids  
For their performance were paid.

Well, tha-tha-tha-that's all folks! Sorry about the heavy postage bill and collation. This thing should be lighter next time.





## NUKE THE KAZOO #3

November 1985 for APA-FILK #28 • © Michael Rubin, 19 Broadway Terrace Apt. C, NY, NY 10040

### What's Up Doc? Department:

Well, I'm still working in Freehold, N.J. ("Gag me with a Springsteen!" country), but my contract runs out in six weeks and I'm starting to interview for jobs in civilized places like Manhattan again.

In the meantime, I finally bought a printer for my Macintosh. On Halloween. I'm calling it "Ghostwriter".... it's the new Apple Imagewriter II, which just coincidentally is ghost white in color (well, the same off-white as the Apple IIC, officially named "Apple Fog"). It also features styling somewhere between Italian Postmodern and Art Deco, and legs in back that tilt the printer up so you can fit paper under it. The legs don't retract, don't unscrew, and cause the printer not to fit in any known rectangular container. I also bought a "C" compiler the next day, so I can finally write real (as opposed to BASIC) programs. Yup, the next day. Samhain. I always thought paganism and high-tech didn't mix.... My first major program will be a word processor that can deal with slashouts.

Hmmm, what else happened between August and now.... Oh yes, NASFIC, a.k.a. The First Occasional Lone Star Convention and Chili Cook-Off. Smaller than a Boskone (well, that's another matter - now that Boskone is back at the Sheraton, it's only a matter of time before it spreads out into the Hynes Civic Auditorium, just like Noreascon 2 - only bigger!) but a lot warmer (95° in the shade, which there wasn't much of in the half-mile from hotel to convention center). I was on my usual Worldcon lucky streak: somebody in my office had come back from vacation the week before with a case of viral pneumonia, which he spread to the whole department. I didn't get pneumonia out of it, but I certainly didn't have any sinuses to sing with all convention. The filking, though, was a gas - largely because Easterners and Midwesterners and Westerners who never hear each other's stuff were all there. I was particularly freaked by ( @'%`\$%&\*+!! What was her name?! ) who was an archaeologist by trade, and at the Friday night concert sang a beautiful 15-minute ballad about an archaeologist meeting Inca spirits in the Andes. Sometime late Monday night, when most everybody had gone home, she asked us remaining hallway filkers "do you mind if I do something long?" and proceeded to deliver an equally beautiful and haunting 40-minute ballad, entirely from memory. Wow.

### Feedback (squeeeal!) on the Previous Issue Department:

Shit, I can't find the previous issue. I must have left it in Jersey. Comments next quarter.

### Something Vaguely Resembling Music Department:

This is an early 60's song about some early 60's equipment. Namely, the Teletype ASR-33. Old-time computer hackers remember this beast (you know, that big ugly thing with the paper tape punch on the side, round keys with a harder action than most manual typewriters, and a higher decibel rating than baud rate) with warm memories. Like wanting to destroy it with acetylene torches. Anyhow....

**Kluge City**, ©1985 by Michael Rubin. Tune: "Surf City" by Jan & Dean.

I've got an old Teletype and they say it's real kludgery,	[Kluge City, here we come!]
Although it's 110 baud it's an oldie but a goodie,	[Kluge City, here we come!]
Oh, it's got no lowercase or CRT	
But it still prints out what I want to see....	[drum riff]

#### CHORUS:

Oh yeah we're going to Kluge City, gonna have some fun	[wah-oo]
ASR-thirty-three is still the one	[wah-oo]
Going to Kluge City, gonna have some fun	[wah-oo]
Take it apart and watch the motor run	
A-S-R-Thirty-Three....	[drum riff]

Well, my friends all drive foreign jobs with color and windows,	[Kluge City, here we come!]
But I'm gonna keep my TTY* till the last solenoid blows,	[Kluge City, here we come!]
Because it shakes the floor and it sounds real mean	
And it's the world's number one confetti machine....	[drum riff]

\* pronounced "titty", of course.

CHORUS.







# OVFF II

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